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C·H·A·S·T·I·T·Y

THE MEN'S MAGAZINE FOR THE SAFE-SEX NINETIES

Erotic Fiction by J.D. Phillips
"HORNY LITTLE DEVIL"

Advice Column by
Lovely Leanna
"FROM WHERE I SIT"

Comments by Our Readers!
"MORE THAN ONE MAN'S OPINION"

PLUS, SOME OTHER STUFF TO KEEP YOU LOOKING!

Meet Beautiful Body Model

GEORGIA WILLIAMS

Who is looking for a guy (Honest to God!) and says the biggest jerks she's met in her profession are the photographers who want to handle their women!

OUR "CLEAN GIRL" CHOICE
Rhonda Miller

A fiesty lady who'll sing you a telegram for business, dance a few steps for an anniversary, and maybe do a little strip if it happens to be your birthday!

"How to Get Her to Blow You"
Some revealing insight on how to avert a man's favorite complaint and turn it into a libido-blowing experience!

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If you would settle for a beautiful virgin — or non-virgin — of your choice, who will make dinner, tend the kids, keep the place spotless, and who knows her man is the master, then you'd better read on . . .

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Some simple seduction secrets from the experts that really pay off. Try them on your girl or wife this evening and reap the raunchy rewards!

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EDITORIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

Our Juvenile View of Sex

Editorial Introduction by Philip Michael Stone

Not long ago a popular early-evening half hour network show really go on my nerves. The show is one of those half-authentic expose deals, where they are either slandering some guy who's on trial for his life by *stating* he did ". . .this, this, and this. . ." before the prosecution has even had a chance to prove it, making an unbiased trial unfair if not impossible. I mean, this show reaches *millions* of people! The contents of the show do a lot of damage; and the only possible good is the titillation of our need for scandal in our lives.

The host and hostess speak to us in slow tones that have that vocal intonation that lets us know they are speaking down to children or dimwits; in fact, if you close your eyes, the woman in particular sounds like she is reading a fairy tale to a two-year-old. Which in a way she is! Witht he help of their rather sleazy producers — some of whom sound like they have the I.Q. of the people they're speaking down to — these two performers will attack any institution and go to any lengths to get an "Oh, my!" or a "Can you imagine that!" out of their audience.

As I say, the one that did it for me was a recent show covering the "scandal" of this years "Miss America."

Now, in case you don't know, this year's Miss America — whatever her name is, it doesn't matter for the sake of this article — had some trouble with an over-enthusiastic boyfriend. He is a Hawaiian fullback, or something big like that, and wanted to continue their relationship even though the lady in question had kissed himoff. I guess when you're as big as he was it's hard to take no for an answer, and I guess — from all the t.v. reportage — that he pshed his way around a little bit. But, like the gentleman I gues she is, before the story had gotten blown too far out of proportion Miss America's ex-jock had apologized and explained that he and she would always be friends, at least, and that he held her in the highest regard, etc., etc.. End of story.

You think that would've been enough for our telly-tell-all team, but *N-o-o-o-o!* their producers thought they could get more mileage out of it.

So, on the night in question, they reprise what's already gone down, then launch into a new campaign. *It seems Miss America once took some pictures in a string bikini!* And they've got two of the photos to prove it.

For the next fifteen minutes we were treated to a black-and-white photo of Miss America in a string bikini. It was only her top half — so they could get close-up! — and aside from the lady's lovely face, one of her *clothed* breasts predominated the scene. You know, if you're a girl with tits and you lean on one elbow, one tit stands out. Apparently these fools did not know that, because it fascinated them so much they even replayed that shot a second night!

The other bikini photo wasn't nearly so revealing — a simple standing shot — so they only ran that one for a few seconds. A third shot showed Miss America with her blouse unbuttoned three buttons. . . *and a bit of her black bra showing.* No cups, just the strap in front! They talked about this shot quite a bit and hinted that there were others! Ooooooh! The coup de grace came when, amidst all this sexual revelation, the hosts voice informed us that Miss America had even once done a scene in a PG-rated movie! *A PG-for-Chrissake-movie!* Oh, *that* will disqualify her! We were never told what her role had been, nor how she'd been dressed (How bad could it be in PG?), but they made it sound like the next "Green Door" flick!

Possibly the worst assault to our (hopefully) adult tastes was when the host mentioned something about "making a mountain out of a molehill" — which the t.v. producers had — and they said: "Oops! did I mean mountain, or *mountains!*" Talk about sophomoric bulshit!

That show went out to approximately 80 million viewers. Men, women and children. I have heard the same show claim that their features are in "considerably better taste than the *Maury Povich Show,* et. al., which is a sad statement indeed.

Oh yes, and I never did find out what Miss America's big expose crime was. . . •

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"Our Juvenile View of Sex"—editorial . . . 2

Georgia Williams: Let's Talk Photographers"—cover girl photo interview . . . 4

The Mail Bag—readers' letters . . . 6

"Getting Her to Blow You"—instructive photo feature . . . 9

"The Other Woman"—revealing photo article . . . 17

"Horny Little Devil"—erotic fiction by J.D. Phillips . . . 25

"The Six Saddest Sins of Sex"—advice photo article . . . 32

"Our Clean Girl: Meet Beautiful Rhonda"—photo article . . . 46

"From Where I Sit"—question & answer column with Leanna Helmstrum . . . 49

"How to Get a Wife"—sexual self-help photo feature . . . 53

"More Than One Man's Opinion"—readers' forum . . . 61

"In The Mood"—sexual how-to photo feature . . . 65

"Treat Yourself to a Twosome"—how-to photo feature . . . 73

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Interview With Our Cover Girl

BODY MODEL
GEORGIA WILLIAMS

"You'd think it would be the average Joes who can't keep their hands to themselves," says this beautiful model who has appeared in more than 200 men's magazines, "but it's the so-called professional photographers who get me!"

Ask beautiful cover model Georgia Williams what she likes most and likes least about photo assignments and she'll tell you it's the photographers. "Some photographers — like the one who took these pictures, as a matter of fact — are real professionals, who know how to pose a girl, get their pictures and get out," Georgia explains. "But so many others are real slezes! A favorite stunt among the really sleazy ones is the trick of tweaking a model's nipples to make them hard. As though a woman needs a man to tweak her nipples!"

"I like an average guy," says Georgia. "When I'm in a strange city, and I know I'm going to be on assignment there for a week or two, I take a walk around town, looking at the men I pass. Eventually some of the men look at me, and some of them make a pass. If he's a sleaze I just go on by. But if I like him — even if he hasn't made a pass at me — I go right up to him and introduce myself. I don't get to spend much time with any particular boyfriend," Georgia explains, "but what time we do spend together is prime, believe me!"

Now if we could just get a list of the cities Georgia will visit this year! •

In her life outside of work, Georgia tries to keep away from photographers and other models. She finds male models — when they're not outrightly gay — to be too egocentric: too tied up in themselves.

"Can you believe," laughs Georgia, "I once walked in on a boyfriend-model in my bathroom. He had a hand mirror up in front of my big mirror and was looking at his reflection from all angles!"

THE MAIL BAG

Want to bitch about the quality of women you're finding on the Singles Scene, these days; or, want to tell us how you're handling abstinence in the face of the AIDS threat? Maybe you'd just like to disagree with some other write-in; or, cast your vote about something you liked in these pages. Drop us a line at: **THE MAIL BAG, ℅CHASTITY MAGAZINE, 4111 LINCOLN BOULEVARD, DEPT. 325, MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA 90292.**

25
USA
LOVE
25
USA
LOVE

Attn: Miss Chessie Moore & Editor
To Whom It May Concern:

This letter is in reference to the interview your magazine, Chastity, had done with show-girl/porn starlet, Chessie Moore. It concerned her most outspoken feelings toward some male fans who lust after her tits and barbarically treat her like a bimbo.

First of all, I understand how she feels because I met with several other strippers who I liked, in Richmond, Virginia. When they went out to perform, they had to put up with a lot of damn crap from guys who were interested only in their pants — like they were well-fed chickens. It makes some of us men wonder how pathetic these guys are, acting the fool and going off the deep end. To me, though, I don't think about having sex or getting a girl laid when I meet her in a bar or see her do a strip tease, because I've seen women of all shapes, sizes and bustlines. When I see a girl like Chessie Moore walk down the street, I fantasize about making love to her but I don't have to pant or howl at her to make a love statement. The best way I do it is by sending her a card or some cookies, to show my appreciation for her.

Secondly, I'm real fed up with all this goddamned sexual-generalization bull. The real reason why I don't have a sexual relationship with a woman is because there is too much of this "men are this . . ., women are this . . ." crap. And, after reading what Chessie said about some of these bastards looking at only her breasts, it made me feel she was premeditatively saying this about all men who look at her nude photos.

I, for one, would like to send Ms. Moore this notice, that I'm not like those other heavies. When I look at her in the nude, I see her as an intelligent person from head to toe, inside and out; not just her breasts. Every time I hear this goddamned battle of the sexes shit, it makes it hard for me to send a card to Chessie, to let her know I appreciate her as a

Dear David:

We agree with you but, hey man, this magazine wouldn't be in business if we published pages of a starlet's mind! Our motto is: to each his own. Also, let's not forget that what Chessie's selling in those pictures in our feature (Chastity, No. 4) is her naked body, not her mind. And that's what you bought to look at, without knowing if she even had a mind. We think you should just get a girl of your own and forget all the excuses.

real person, for who she is, that she's no bimbo to me. I wish and hope she would understand that without feeling dislike and disrespect toward all men. What's the use of it? It defeats the only worthwhile purpose, which is for men and women to share their most human intimacies. All it takes is a lot of common sense.

As of now, I don't have a Valentine for Chessie, since it is Valentine's month (February) but if she's reading this letter, I want to let her know that there is a lot more in her that I appreciate other than her large breasts. Her looks from head to toe, her spirit, her mind on the right focal point and her way of always being positive to others as well as to herself. And, tell Chessie that not all men are sleaze balls. There are still men like me who are serious about girls like her.

David L.
Hempstead, New York

Dear Sir:

What issue is Jeanette Starian in? Please let me know so I can purchase that issue of Chastity. Thanks.

Steve A.
Laguna Niguel, California

To Whom it May Concern:

My name is William (name withheld). I'm recently deployed in the Middle East on board the U.S.S. Samuel B Roberts FFG-58. I had the opportunity to read your magazine and was really interested in what I read. I would have ordered them but there were no order forms available. I would greatly appreciate it if you could send me a magazine and I will send you the money for it. If that is not possible, please send me an order form. Thank you for your time.

William B.
New York, New York

Gentlemen:

I am extremely disappointed in your cover of Chastity magazine, issue number three. There is a full-blown penis on the magazine cover. I can't leave the magazine out in sight at home! I don't appreciate that and prefer my sexual photos inside the material I buy, where neighbors and visitors aren't unwillingly assaulted by it.

In the future, if I find genitals featured on the cover (of Chastity) I just won't purchase that copy of your otherwise fine magazine.

Samuel H.
Pasadena, California

Dear Steve:

Lovely Jeanette Starion can be found in Issue No. 2, which is over a year old by now. (We'll really have to do something about getting these magazines out on a more regular basis.) We have no back-copies in stock — no, not even one — and unless you know an adult book store that carries old issues we're afraid you're out of luck.

Dear William:

Thanks for your kind words! After having seen the way women are allowed to be seen publicly in the Middle East, I guess you know what you were fighting for. It's too bad more people in the States don't take the continuance of freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution as seriously, if by nothing more than voting against censorship wherever its ugly head pops up.

As for our sending you a magazine or order form: We no longer do that, thanks to the very same governmental forces that would like to tell us what we can and cannot read and look at.

We feel we can recommend: Marlboro Sales, for your future buying needs. If you write them for a catalog — or the specific item you desire, we feel sure they can help you.

Dear Samuel:

It's simply a matter of dollars and sense! Our publishers — the big guys who really make the decisions — feel that a hard cover sells better than a soft one; and they claim it only makes sense to go for the extra dollars. Maybe if enough readers write in, they'll change their minds. Did you catch the Chessie Moore cover? Was that more to your liking?

Dear Sir:

First of all, I would like to say that Chastity is a great magazine. I have been enjoying it for almost two years. I would like to commend you on the excellent way your magazine is organized and published.

I am writing you because I would like some information. In your number three issue, you featured a model, Raquel Darien, in your "What's Out There," and 'The Single's Scene" sections. Can you tell me what video or other publication she may have appeared in or where I might purchase them? It would be a favor this reader would appreciate. (I wrote you several months ago about this but received no reply. Please at least let me know if you can help me or not). I have included a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Keep up the good work!

Marion M.
Milwaukee, WI

Dear Mr. Stone:

I am in receipt of your letter and I would just like to take this time out to thank you for responding to my inquiry about your magazine and I deeply appreciate your sending an address that will provide me with copies of your merchandise and maybe some other companies' merchandise.

However, you're right about the law. Although I wish I could vote to make the "censorship-minded government" change its mind, unfortunately I can't because of my incarceration in a state prison.

I do appreciate your giving me the chance and opportunity to address this to you. I do deeply appreciate your sending along the address to a mail ordering distributor that I can work with.

Thanking you always for your time and cooperation in this matter.

Reginald P.
Ossining, N.Y.

Dear Marion:

We recommend you pick up a copy of Adult Video News occasionally and see if Ms. Darien is being featured in any current video tapes. Though we've looked, we can't find her anywhere; though we're pretty sure the lovely lady has not dropped out of the business. Among those who have featured her are Paul Norman productions, Caballero and Evil Angel. As for magazine shoots: Your guess is as good as ours. Those things come and go so fast it's hard to keep track of them. Our publishing company has used her in a number of magazines, but they're no longer even on the market. Good luck in your quest, she is a beauty!

USA 25
Toscanini

THE COUPLES SCENE

GETTING HER TO BLOW YOU

One of men's biggest complaints is that the women they're dating won't give them head; women complain about the same thing: their men won't go down on them. Other men and women — a lot fewer, it's true, but they do exist — seem to have no such problems; they easily exchange oral sex with their partners like there was nothing simpler. What's the truth?

Oddly enough, the truth is that getting a blowjob from your woman or your man is as easy as feeding candy to a puppy. In fact, it's exactly that easy and you use the same technique!

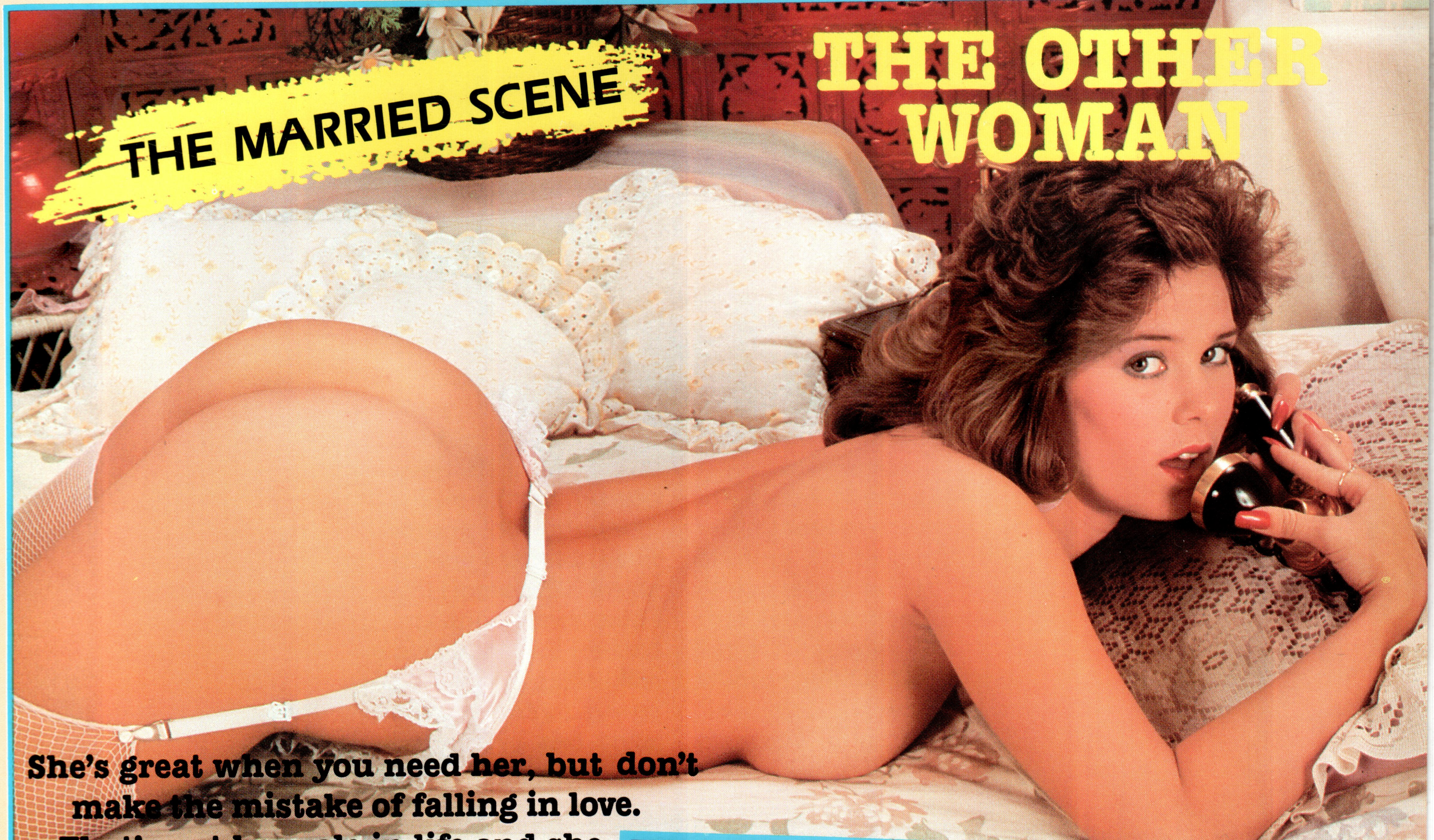
Believe it or not, men and women come to the sexual adventure eager to experience everything there is to try. Oh sure, they may have certain self-imposed limitations — stopping points where they draw the line on going any farther — but those are few and far between. For the most part, both men and women want to go down on each other: it's the natural thing to do! The couples who have no problem with oral sex do it together because they use a little common sense and then apply the Pleasure Principle. The same rule you'd use to train your dog to do something!

Ask any man, and he'll tell you that a woman's pussy smells like fish. You don't need to ask what a man's cock smells like: just walk into any locker room. Both are Old Wives Tales — spread around by gays who can't get behind hetero couples making it — and neither is true. At least, they don't have to be. It is only common sense that if a couple is going to go down on each other they should wash first; but wash thoroughly! How about a shower together to get the ball rolling! There's no better time to get that tongue moving over a clean body than in a steamy shower!

Once you're both really clean there's none of that ". . . she smells like, he smells like . . ." just the fresh sweet scent of clean skin. Now it's time to apply the Pleasure Principle. This may be necessary if she or he is a virgin at oral sex, but it's fun even if he or she isn't. Quite simply: assume the old Sixty-nine Position and begin working on each other mutually. As long as each person holds up his or her share the fun continues; if one fails in their duty, the other one stops. Both will soon get the hint and it will be the part of each session you enjoy the most!

THE MARRIED SCENE

THE OTHER WOMAN



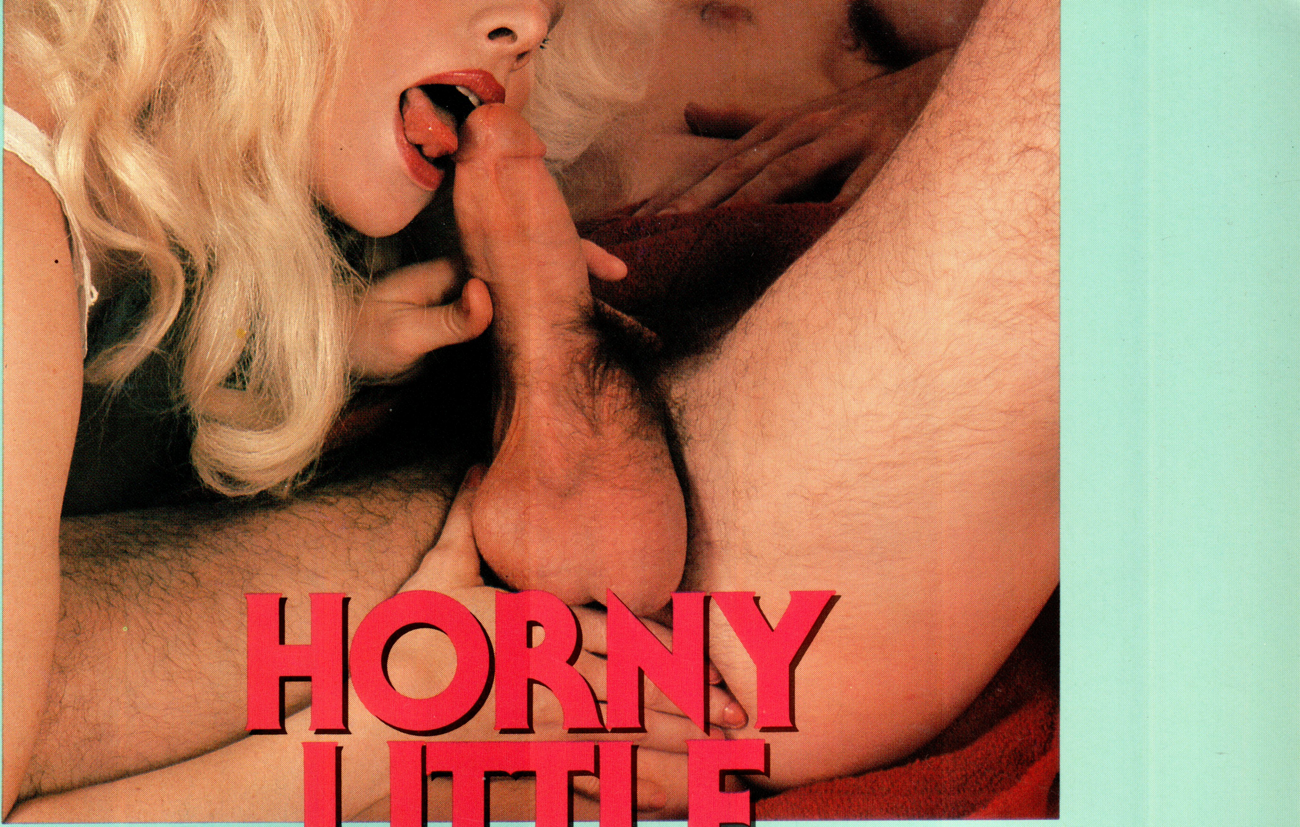
She's great when you need her, but don't make the mistake of falling in love. That's not her role in life and she knows it, even if you don't!

Most of us who have lived long enough have experienced a break-up with a woman we once loved. In many cases she initiated it — she just packed her clothes and announced she was going to live with some guy named Mike you had never heard of — and sometimes you did the packing and walking. The odds are that somewhere in there was The Other Woman — the female version of her Mike — either the lady who caused your heart to wander in the first place or the one who came by to pick up the pieces afterward. Though there are a few blazing exceptions, the rule is: Don't pin your long-term hopes on the Other Woman.

The Other Woman — as most women's novels like to call her — is usually a loser, although she looks damned good to us at the time. If she is the one you were fucking behind your woman's back who really lent you the determination to leave, she is the same one your ex-wife or ex-girl would correctly say caused the break-up. (Not really, of course. Other factors caused the dissolution of your relationship; but you probably wouldn't have had the guts to leave if the Other Woman hadn't been around.) She is the one you turned to when things were rough in your marriage, she is the one who consoled you.

You thought fucking her felt a thousand times better than fucking your wife; and the truth is you were probably in love with her just before the break-up. Sounds like an ideal woman to you, right? Wrong! With the few exceptions that were noted before, the fact is this woman in not prepared to commit herself to a long-term relationship with you. She is perfect for what she does: hang around until you don't need her anymore. But don't start making plans for another marriage with the woman who was doing you behind your first wife's back! She couldn't stand that commitment any more than you could!

There are some Other Women who set their sights on a married man with the idea of marrying him, but most Other Women are in that role because they fear giving themselves wholly to a man — that's why they're fucking a married man, who can't propose marriage to them — and would run from an available single man. When your marriage is over they will be over with you, too, no matter how much they act the opposite. Though usually willing to let you down easy; they just don't want that commitment. So, if it happens to you, take her good-bye with gratitude. The lady knows what she's doing and you should be thankful.



HORNY LITTLE DEVIL

Erotic Fiction by J.D. Phillips

It wasn't that Sue believed in good luck charms, omens, or any of that superstitious stuff, but she was having the Devil to pay trying to work out why that little man was in all of her dreams.

It was not a day to be at work.

The longer Sue sat at her computer the less she was able to concentrate on the spreadsheet glowing from the blue screen.

A warm pulsating sensation was nagging her; the pit of it was in her loins. She was aware of the thick weave of the executive chair under her. It too seemed to want her attention. That was ridiculous and she knew it. But one thing she couldn't deny: her center was her focus at least for today.

It had been a while since she had been sexual with anyone. In fact, one friend had remarked jokingly to Sue that she probably didn't even like sex anymore and might just be getting old. Sue had laughed good-naturedly because she knew it wasn't true. In fact, the experts were correct, the older she had grown the better the sex had become. Sex was as important as ever to Sue but time seemed to be at a premium these days.

The new job and all, she told herself.

Her new job: that was another story. Good jobs like hers were hard to come by, especially when you moved up within the company, as she had done. She had been advised in advance of Mr. Kramer's lustings by her best work-friend, Amy, and had perversely agreed that she would use her feminine charms on the man to get the job. But she would certainly draw the line at any hanky-panky, she had assured herself righteously, especially with her boss. Everyone knew it was a loser when you fooled around with the boss.

The day of the interview, Sue had chosen to wear a deep blue silk blouse with buttons down the front, carefully not buttoning the top four. The soft curves of her ample breasts swelled just beneath the deep vee of the blouse; just enough to attract Mr. Kramer's unwitting gaze, but still in good taste. It wasn't that she was without qualifications, but she wanted the advancement and lots of candidates for the position were as qualified as she. Much as she liked to forget it, Sue was forty now and most employers preferred much younger women, the youngest qualified women they could get. She reasoned that she still held an ace in the business world — a luscious, shapely body — and she saw nothing wrong in using all the cards she'd been dealt.

During the interview Mr. Kramer barely looked at her; except when his eyes first took in her cleavage, then fixed on her jet black stockings and, like an ant, his glance slowly walked up past the swell of her thighs into the dark shadows under her tight, short skirt.

Naturally she got the job.

She just hoped she could do it without doing Mr. Kramer, as well. She had made quite an impression on him, she knew. Fortunately the attraction was not mutual: he wasn't her type at all. Mr. Kramer was short, very average. No woman worth her salt would look at him twice, Amy had once confided.

After a month at her new job Sue relaxed. None of her earlier anxieties had come to pass and she actually enjoyed the challenges her new work provided. But her concentration just wasn't there today.

It was that dream, she thought. The one she kept having . . .

•••

That little man on the train in her dream. He had fought quite a battle with a man twice his size. He was only about 5'1" with a solid, husky build. He had thin, blonde-red hair and was balding. He was certainly no one she would be attracted to. But in her dream, he had fought for and protected her. In the dream, Sue had mentally noted he was a good fighter, fast and very strong for his stature. After the fight, she and the little man had been talking, though she couldn't recall about what. He was standing very close to her and he suddenly moved closer;

she could feel his hot breath on her chest. He was acting the total gentlemen in his conversation and his manner, but Sue stopped listening to him and found herself wondering if he would be as good a lover as he was a fighter. She was not surprised that she felt herself growing aroused. His nearness was very sensual . . .

•••

Her dream had ended at that point but the memory of the feelings generated in Sue's depths remained. Annoyed with the thought that she had actually wanted the little man, she cleared her throat, sat up, took a deep breath and ignored the pulsing between her legs.

Just as Sue noticed it was four o'clock and time to leave, Mr. Kramer's voice called from inside his office.

"Sue, dear, would you come into my office, please?"

Oh no! What the hell does he want with me? Sue wondered with annoyance, he knows it's four o'clock. Grudgingly, she got up from her desk and walked into the next office.

"Have a seat, dear. I want to talk to you for a moment."

"I have to be going soon, Mr. Kramer." Sue said as she sat down. "What is it. Is there something wrong with my work?"

"Quite the contrary, Sue, your work is fine. In fact, I'm very pleased with you. But it so happens I have to be in New Orleans Tuesday morning for an annual get-together and I thought you might like to go along. I've got a good lap-top and you could be invaluable to me at my meetings. I would, of course, pay all your expenses. So, what do you say? It might be nice for you to get away. You've been working hard fitting into this new position and this trip might be a pleasant diversion, even though it is work."

Sue sat stunned, feeling disconcerted. She hadn't expected anything like this.

"I don't know, Mr. Kramer. I still have lots of work here to do," she explained lamely.

"Yes, but this would be more important to me and, after all, I'm the boss. But it's up to you, Sue. You think about it overnight and let me know tomorrow." He smiled a business smile, nodded to her, picked up the phone and started to dial.

"I'll think about it, Mr. Kramer." Sue said mechanically, as she lifted her body out of the chair and left his office.

Back at her desk she could think more clearly. The nerve of him, putting her in a position like that! She could just imagine what Mr. Kramer would be like alone, out of the protective setting of the office. He would probably be all over her: Like soap in the shower, she told herself. She would have to beg off gracefully and not offend him if she wanted to keep her job.

Oh, God! Just when it was getting to feel comfortable, she thought.

When Sue fell asleep that night it was after spending most of the evening considering her reply, the next day, to her boss. The image of the man in her dream flitted in and out of her mind's eye; she noticed him but was too tired to care. She peacefully surrendered to the mental pictures as they erased and replaced all conscious thought from her mind, and her dream began . . .

•••

She was talking to the small red-haired man once again. He was standing close to her, talking gently to her just as he had in her last dream. This time, his hand reached out and touched her breast. Flames shot between Sue's legs! He put his other arm around her waist and pulled her close to his body: it was hard and warm. Sue's insides were aching but on the outside she gave no indication to the little man. With embarrassment she realized she was naked from the waist up. But still she stood placid, saying nothing. Her apparent lack of interest didn't stop the little man. If anything, it gave him the green light. He took her breast in his hot mouth and began sucking on one of her nipples, causing her body to flush with more heat. He looked up at her with innocent blue eyes.

"I'm just feeling my way around. I'm not sure what I'm doing. I was on my way to New Orleans," he explained, giving Sue a chance to speak.

But Sue couldn't speak and she didn't want to push him away; she could only feel her lust responding to his. Her panties felt wet beneath her skirt. She felt her dream lover pull her panties aside and down, then they were magically off her hips and in his hand before her. They were her "Monday" anties she noticed, black-and-white tiger-striped with the tiny word "Monday" embroidered over the initial "S" at one hip. Sue's trademark.

"They'll be my mojo," he explained.

His eyes twinkled and his hands moved again. This time she felt his stiffened finger plunge between her legs. She felt weak and totally overcome with passion, and she opened her legs to let him in deeper and felt a tight burn deep inside her. She was completely caught up now, feeling thoroughly abandoned, totally seduced with this funny little man . . .

•••

The sound of the alarm broke through Sue's dream and brought her back to reality. Damn,

she thought, lying in bed, I'm all wet and still hot as hell. She wished the dream had continued just for a little while longer, enough to get fucked by her dream man. Then, the idea of getting sexed by that little man made her embarrassed. How could she? He wasn't at all the type she was attracted to. She realized how desperate she must be to get turned on by this little dream demon. It was then that she decided maybe she had better get laid. Her dream life was getting a little out of hand and her sexual desires seemed to be expressing themselves, whether she had time for them or not.

Getting laid would take some work.

After all, she had no real relationship with anybody and one-night stands were never Sue's idea of sex. She giggled aloud remembering the man's words about New Orleans. Funny how dreams take into account our daily lives, she thought. And there had been that thing with her panties.

At lunch that day she had asked her best friend, Amy, what a mojo was. Amy did a fair imitation of what she probably thought her ancestors' reaction might have been.

"A mojo!" she exclaimed in a bad southern drawl. "Why, child! How you talk!" She explained in more normal tones that a mojo was a magic charm carried by people who believed in voodoo, and the like. It was supposed to bring a person good luck. "Like a St. Christopher medal or a crucifix, if you're into that," she finished up. When she asked why Sue had wanted to know, and Sue explained it had been in a dream, Amy had just shook her head, her eyes looking skyward as though she couldn't make head or tales of the things people dreamed about.

After lunch, concentration was more difficult than ever. Sue couldn't stop reliving the fiery sensations the little dream man had so innocently created in her. She wished he had finished the job and really fucked her good, so she could go back to her computer with her mind on her work again. She wondered why that particular little man had been chosen by her subconscious to play out this sexual role with her; she didn't even know any short men. Why not a tall, handsome man. But it figured, she thought. Sue had once been told: "That which repels can also excite." Well, it seemed true enough in dreams.

She hadn't prepared at all for the meeting with her boss. Most of her day had been spent replaying her dream man's moves. She would "just say no" to Mr. Kramer. After all — in her mind she played to an appreciative audience — ithad worked for the First Lady in warding off Ronnie and it would work for her! Her boss would have to accept it. It wasn't part of the job description.

It was close to four o'clock and Sue began feeling really uneasy at the thought of facing Mr. Kramer and saying no.

At that moment, Amy strode into Sue's office.

"Isn't it great, Sue? It's Mardi Gras time! You're so lucky. I've always promised myself I'd go one day and I will! I have relatives there, you know." Amy sat on the edge of Sue's desk and smiled smugly at her revelation.

"Mardi Gras? In New Orleans, now? It's Mardi Gras?" Sue stammered.

Amy nodded her affirmative again. "I'm jealous, girlfriend. How'd you get old Kramer to pick you? You'llhave a ball! And, by the way, be sure

to get laid down there, the atmosphere is real sensual. Besides, you work too much and it shows. You don't seem to have any fun in your life. I'm waiting to see how you look when you get back, all fucked out and everything. It's going to be great!" She paused. "You are going, aren't you?"

"Well— Well— Of course, I'm going!" Sue couldn't believe the words came from her lips. "Mardi Gras! I hadn't realized! I'd be a fool to miss a chance like this," Sue agreed as the idea blossomed its appeal.

"Um-hm!" Amy approved. "And to make sure you get laid—" She pulled something from her purse, laid it on Sue's desk. "—I picked you up something to take along."

Sue looked at the small glassine envelope. There appeared to be a lock of black hair, a silver dollar, a quarter-leaf of tobacco in it. And other thingsS ue couldn't make out nor cared to consider. "What is it?" she asked.

"A mojo, girlfriend!" Amy sounded surprised that Sue didn't know. "A love mojo! The real thing!" She picked it up, looked it over, then put it in Sue's hand. "Belonged to my grandma. She swore it's what netted grandpa, and he was quite a lover, I hear." She reached down and closed Sue's fingers over the tiny, flat package. "You take it with you to New Orleans. It's guaranteed to help you get laid."

And with that, Amy had gone. It was settled. Sue was going with her boss on a business trip to New Orleans; and in her spare time the mojo would help her get laid.

The Sunday morning they pulled out of Union Station in Los Angeles, she fought back her anxiety at being on a train with her boss for two days, but she needn't have worried: Mr. Kramer was a complete gentleman. He never tried anything with her and, aside from a few hours of business dictation, had only polite conversation and respect for Sue. He did stare at her cleavage a couple of times but, give the devil his due, he had caught himself and stopped.

Sue was impressed with Mr. Kramer's personal demeanor outside the office. She had expected problems. Sue had known other men she'd worked for who would have taken advantage of their lengthy train ride, but theirs was surprisingly formal and quite pleasant.

The second night out, Sue caught herself looking at Mr. Kramer's crotch. She was ashamed for having done it and attributed it to the rhythmic sounds of the rails in the night, the candlelight from the table, and the wine with dinner. She felt completely safe. She was relaxing and that was good. She had practically forgotten work.

Perhaps taking advantage of the moment, or the wine, rails, etc., Mr. Kramer had invited Sue to his compartment to see the costume he had bought last year for this Mardi Gras. He told her they would have to pick one up for her too, when they arrived in New Orleans. Feeling completely at ease and a little high, Sue had smiled her agreement.

The corridors to his compartment appeared narrower than the night before, and the train seemed to sway crazily, causing them to bump each other lightly. She had practically fallen into his arms more than once, and had looked up at him with apologetic embarrassment. As if in a dream, she was not surprised to feel a familiar urging in her panties. She felt almost dizzy, as though she'd had too much wine.

Once inside Mr. Kramer's compartment he sat her down.

"You relax and I'll try it on for you. You can get the full picture that way. Stay right there." Mr. Kramer's playful attitude delighted Sue. She waited.

When he returned, he was in full costume. All red, with a pitchfork in his right hand. He stood legs apart, letting his tail hang down between his legs. Sue laughed, delighted. Then he donned his mask, horns and all. She stared at him puzzled for a moment and then it came to her. My God! she thought, it's him! The resemblance between the mask and the little man in her dream was remarkable. She sat getting her breath, unable to speak.

The devil — Mr. Kramer, of course — walked over to her, took her hand and helped her to her feet. She could feel his hot breath on her chest and the sensations remembered from her dream returned. She was breathing hard too and still did not say a word. The devil, being nobody's fool and very used to this kind of behavior took full advantage. He gently unsnapped Sue's bra, and lifted it, revealing her breast. She stood silent as he suckled like a baby. She was so wet and burning inside she could do nothing but stand there, loving it. The devil must have known about her dream because he reached beneath her short skirt and pulled her panties down off her hips and plunged his finger inside her. Sue wasn't about to stop as she had in her dream; she moved to meet his finger.

The devil laid her down on the seat and let his tongue delve into her wet pussy. Sue was shaking and gasping for breath. Passion and lust had overcome any reasoning she might had had. Just when she thought she couldn't bear the fire, the devil plunged his hot dick into her molten depths. She shivered and shook and cried out uncontrollably. As he moved in and out of her, she quivered and swore she could stand no more. She shook violently as the waves of orgasm sent shocks throughout her body, and pulled the little man into as deeply as she could.

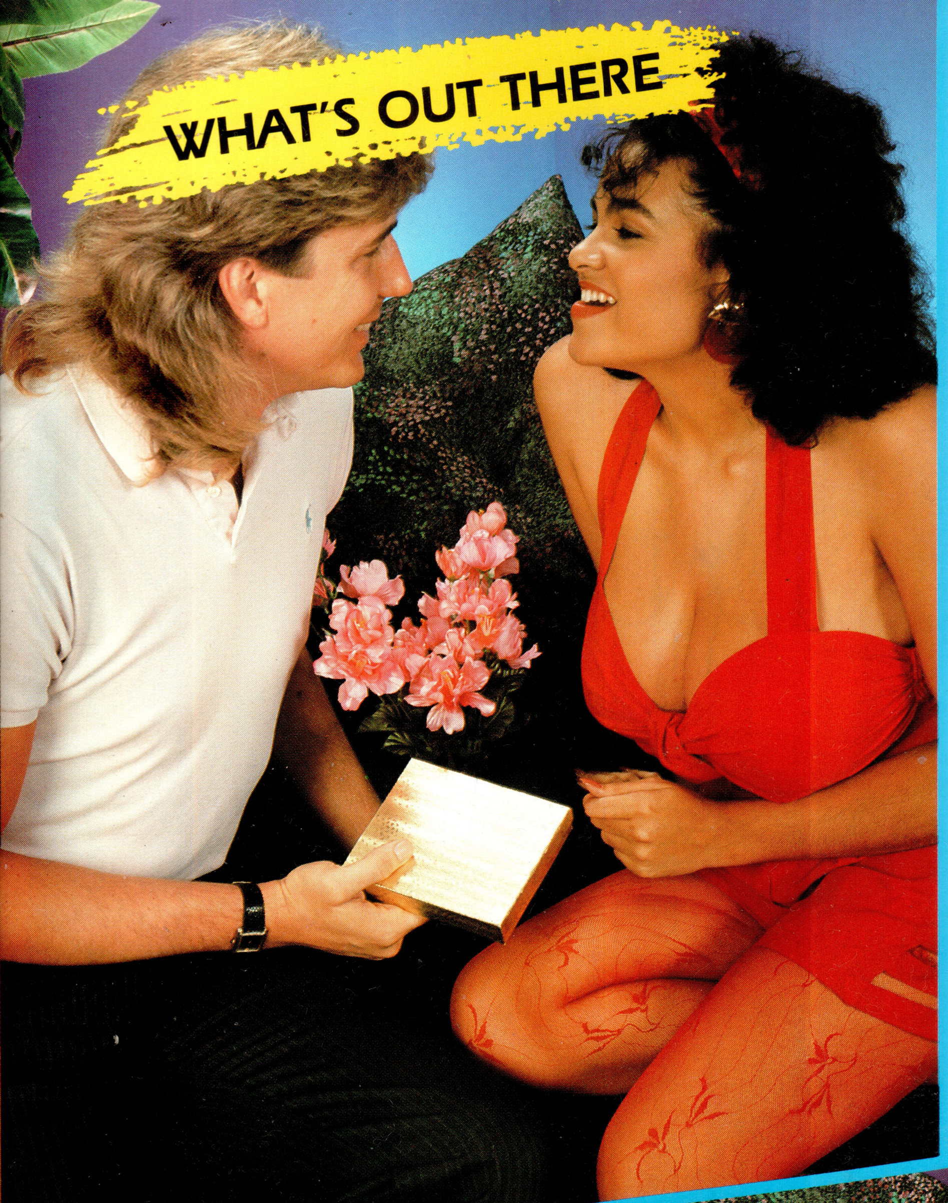
The devil had his limits, and he too shook violently and hollered aloud in groans of ecstasy.

Later, after they had lain together a long time and he had whispered words of love and lust and praise to her, she had risen, retrieved her clothes from the floor and locked herself in the bathroom. After washing and dressing — she noted with relief that the moistness of her tiger-striped "Monday" panties had dried while they'd made love — she unlocked the bathroom door and reentered the compartment.

Her boss was dressed in slacks and shirt. She had caught him with something — a handkerchief? — bunched in his hand, halfway to his face. Noticing her he completed the motion, holding the object just beneath his nose and inhaling deeply.

That was when she noticed the black-and-white tiger-stripe pattern, the tiny letters M-O-N-D-A-Y embroidered over the larger initial "S." The way they had been in her dream. Involuntarily she reached down to be sure she still wore her panties. She did.

"My mojo," he explained, smiling.



HERE'S A HALF-DOZEN "SHOULD-NOTS" THAT CAN SAVE (OR START UP) YOUR SAGGING SEX LIFE!

THE SIX SADDEST SINS OF SEX!

Hunky, horny Tanner and sexy, beautiful porn star Charisma illustrate the six things you should not do to keep your sex life from going in the dumps!

Tired of being the crap-out king? Every time you score with a woman does it really turn out to be a one-night stand — you never see her again? Noticed your phone calls from willing women cutting down considerably? Take these six rules of sex to heart and you'll be invited to score again!

In this era of hard-to-get women, anything a man can do to increase the odds of scoring with the lady of his choice he definitely should do. But, say the ladies we asked, with some successful guys it's not what they're *doing* that gets them invited back for seconds, thirds and fourths, it's what they're *not doing!* It all sounded a little too simple to us, but after looking them over we found these Six Saddest Sins of Sex really could keep a girl from coming back for more.

So here they are, the six things you should never do if you want to repeatedly score with the ladies.

1. ***Don't brag about how good you are in bed.*** Let it be a surprise and it'll be a pleasant one. Every woman knows that braggarts are just that and nothing more. From experience, most women have learned that the guy who tells her what a good time she's going to have, usually means watching late-night t.v. while he snores off a drunken stupor.

2. ***Don't take her home to a dump.*** It may be home to you but she'll think you live in a barn. Even though you are comfortable where you live she won't be; and you want her to be as comfortable as possible. Tidy up your place and add some flowers. Get the piles of newspapers up off the floor — she'll believe you can read without them — and for God's sake, clean the cat pan!

3. ***Don't rush through the preliminaries.*** Even if the lady you've picked boffs a new guy every night, the odds are she sees it as romantic. Some flowers in a vase, a bite of something — cheese and crackers will do, as long as you both indulge — and a glass or two of wine. Add some soft tones from one of the Oldies stations on the radio. If she wants a shower, ask if you may share it.

4. ***Don't cheat on the foreplay.*** Foreplay is best when played out slowly. Oral sex is essential and where most would-be lovers fall flat. A skilled tongue will make you more than the equal of some gigantic-dicked clod. Learn to lick with gentleness — never directly on the clitoris, but just around it — and sensitize yourself to women's little signals.

5. ***Don't come in the saddle too soon.*** If she didn't get off while you were licking her — and that would've been an excellent idea! — you're going to have to learn some self-control. Slow and easy is the name of the game, and if you're a quick squirter, jack off just before going out in the evening.

6. ***Don't immediately fall asleep.*** Hold her afterward. Talk to her, share your thoughts and a cigarette (if you smoke) and let her know you a little better. It is an important time for her. Those next thirty minutes — after you've had sex — will be the ones that determine whether she wants to see you again or not. So go slow, be loving and understanding, and she'll think you're the next Casanova!

Some of these rules may sound silly, but they're true. Most important to you: that bit about the next thirty minutes determining your future is a fact! Scientists recently discovered that immediately after having satisfactory sex with a man, women secrete a hormone that makes them want to bond! So, if there's ever a time when the way you score is important it's right after you've sexually satisfied your lady-of-choice. Fortunately for men, there's no such hormone in their systems, which means they can gather a few other women and bond to them as well. Then, the coming winter won't seem near so long, not half so cold, and not lonely at all!

Good luck!

WHAT'S OUT THERE

Meet Beautiful

RHONDA

She adores babies, likes most women and just l-o-v-e-s men of all sizes and shapes! She's a nice girl but a hot babe, and you can meet her any time you've got fifty bucks and the right message!

Here She Is, Guys! Our...

"Clean Girl of the Month"

Just starting out, 21-year-old Rhonda Barski has three goals in life: to find the right man, to have a couple of kids — one boy and one girl, preferably — and to break into motion pictures.

She's keeping her eyes open everywhere she goes for her Mister Perfect, so she's working on the right man angle; and she's putting herself out there for show business — as you can see from her photos — every time she can. If you live in the Los Angeles area and think you've seen her, you may be right. Enterprising Rhonda delivers singing-dancing telegrams, and says she puts all she's got into her act. Which is just what we were thinking! As for her third goal, pretty Rhonda tells us if she can't find the right man to marry, she'll have the two children on her own. Any donors?!

Rhonda thinks of herself as a "nice girl," but admits a girl has to get her sex wherever she can. What with the disease thing the way it is she'd just as soon stay home and play with herself! Which she often does! Want company,Rhonda?!

FROM WHERE I SIT

Your questions answered by beautiful international model, Leanna Helmstrum, on Singles, Sex, Dating, Grooming and Health. If you have any questions on one of these subjects, send it to: **FROM WHERE I SIT, % CHASTITY MAGAZINE, 4111 LINCOLN BOULEVARD, DEPT. 325, MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA 90292.** Leanna will answer your question to the best of her ability in the next available space in this column. All opinions and advice expressed are Leanna's and not necessarily the publication's.

Dear Leanna:

My girlfriend wants me to wear a condom with her every time we make love. I haven't been with any other women in two years and have told her that. She still wants me to wear one. I asked her if she had been with anyone and she said no. I'm not sure I believe her. Why should I wear protection now, after having unsafe sex with her for two years? Do you think she's faithful to me?

Fred S.
Great Lakes, MI

Dear Fred:

I will admit it is not always easy to guess what any woman is really thinking; and I'm saying that as a woman! But I do think something is going on here; just what it is we'll have to find out.

First, it is possible that your girl isn't cheating on you and that she just isn't certain you're not cheating on her. This idea may have come to her from something you said or did, or something — even innocent — that was told her by a friend. But since you asked her if she had been with anyone else — which gave her the perfect opportunity to ask you the same — that doesn't really seem likely.

Next, she may have gotten some misinformation about AIDS and thinks she can catch it from you even if you haven't been in contact with a carrier. But again, that doesn't seem likely since your lady sounds fairly intelligent.

Which leaves the possibility that she is cheating on you — or, more likely that she briefly cheated on you, as in a one-night-stand. Now, if she did that she is probably never going to admit it, because she knows it could be the end *of your relationship. But she is concerned enough about whether she could now be a disease-carrier to want you to wear a condom since you are the only one she can transmit it to at present. It is even possible that she is presently a carrier of something, and knows it. And is being treated for it without your knowing.*

So, this is what I would do:

Sit her down for a serious talk. Ask her why she wants you to wear a condom while having sex, since you didn't for your first two years. Is she afraid of you giving her something? Or is she afraid she'll pass something on to you? Ask her if she would want you to wear one if you had just married her. Ask her the difference between your being two-year marrieds and two-year exclusive boyfriend/girlfriend. If you listen carefully to what she answers and how, you may learn quite a bit.

Ask her if she's afraid it's something one of you has now, or something one of you will get in the future.

Tell her that to ease her mind — and yours, because her concern has begun to arouse worries in you — you would like you both to go to a local doctor and have blood tests taken. Tell her that you should both agree to show each other the results of the blood tests, whether negative or positive. If the results are negative for you both you'll have no disease worries from the past; if they are positive, somebody has some explaining to do.

Tell her that this concerns you enough that you insist on you both doing it. If she doesn't agree to it get her reason for disagreeing. Lots of new couples insist on this precaution these days, and if she's worried enough for condoms there is a reason she won't get the blood test and share its results. If she still disagrees — with presumably no good reason — then its time to examine your role in this relationship and ask yourself if you're willing to wear possible horns throughout it. If you are, stop bitching and wear the condom, and don't wonder who she's with when she's not with you. If you don't see yourself in horns, the time to tell her is when (if) she refuses the test.

You should also know that some women are willing to go the final step to make an infidelitous lie seem like the truth by taking a chance. One roll of the dice and maybe they've escaped what would undoubtedly be a pretty nasty situation. Those women would take the test, taking a chance that it will prove negative after all. If it is positive and you don't believe their new lie ("It was from years ago, honest!") they are no worse off than if you leave because they won't take the test. This is my way of telling you, Fred, that even the tests — whether positive or negative — will not give you the answer you seek. The only answer to that lies in your heart of hearts.

And maybe a good private investigator!

Dear Leanna:

I am in love with a married man. He is a professor at a university and I was one of his students. We have been having an affair for two years and I'm madly in love with him. He is a busy man and has little time for me or his wife. He comes to my room about once a week and we have sex. It's great sex and I love blowing him. But lately I've felt neglected by him. I can't put any pressure on him because I'm afraid I'll lose him. I know it's a losing battle but I'm very much in love with him and feel caught. No other man is as exciting as him in bed. Do you have any suggestion that might make my life easier?
Gale A.
Salt Lake City, UT

Dear Gale:

Yeah, get a vibrator! It's going to be a long, cold winter!

What's your complaint? I can tell just from what you have written that this has been the story of your life. It is what you are most comfortable with, no matter what you tell yourself.

Like most self-denegrating women, the pattern for your behaviour was probably developed in your childhood, when you didn't get enough attention from your father. He probably treated your mother the same way, and you were torn between her example of placid acceptance of his unloving ways and your *briefly-successful attempts at showing off to get his attention. As you grew into womanhood it is most likely that you carried this pattern with you, showing off and throwing yourself at men who gave off an air of disinterest (all of them, "your father") to get them interested in you, being comfortable when they remained in a relationship that was psychologically distant from you, and only growing uncomfortable when the distance between you grew alittle too lengthy.*

Doubtless you rarely look at men who are "nice" or show signs of being attracted to you. Unless they're bastards, of course. Your heart beats fastest when it's confronted with that good old fear of loss — along with the sexual excitement.

As for the sexual excitement, your psyche has been attuned to perceive pleasure in what others might consider callous, unconcerned lovemaking by someone who doesn't really care about your pleasures at all. I know a woman whose father sexually abused her for years throughout her childhood. Every day of her childhood she serviced him like he was a king and she was a hooker. Many years later, as an adult, the first time a man asked her if she wanted to have sex — rather than just take it for granted and use her — she grew furious and accused him of trying to trick her and "rape her mind." To this day she can only perform sex by doing for the man; he is never allowed to do for her because it "makes her uncomfortable." This is a true but extreme case; but you get the message. Sex is what you make it, so don't tell me that sex with your man is the greatest. Usually we like who we're with.

Now, to answer your question: Your man may be giving you signs of losing interest. Of course, he may never totally lose interest; most men are hesitant to completely give up a good blow job, as I'm sure you've learned. But remember, you were attracted to this man originally because he was unloving, uncaring, and saw nothing wrong in breaking his bonds of commitment to his marital partner to enjoy a dalliance with you. It should be no surprise if he transfers that set of conditions onto some new piece of fluff and tires of you as he has his wife. As a professor, he certainly can have his pick of the crop!

If you're really interested in helping yourself — without getting the serious psychological therapy you obviously need — why not begin by making a list of the situation as it stands.

On a long sheet of paper, make a vertical line down the center. On the left side make a numbered list of all the good things about the relationship: just one or two words, with no rationales, explanations or excuses. List things like: no meals to prepare; good sex on weekends (or whatever); no men's socks to wash. On the right side of the line, make a numbered list of all the bad things about your relationship, like: Never get to prepare meals for him; no sex at all most of the time; don't share important holidays with him. Take as long to fill your list as it takes, and it may take months. Be as honest as you can; and when you see a rationale, cross it out. None of these excuses like: but he's got his career and a wife; or, I'm getting a little along in years to be too choosey. If he's that involved with wife and career, they

are bad things about your relationship. If you can't attract the right type of men it may not be your age (you're never too old, dear!) it may be something you're unconsciously doing that chases them away. (We don't want to attract some guy who would really commit, do we!) Ask your close friends — only.

When you're all finished making your list read it over carefully. If the bad side largely outnumbers the good side, I'd say it is time to re-think your situation. Maybe it's time to arrange for some help. Maybe you're tired of being every arrogant man's sexual doormat. If you think you're getting older — and who of us isn't! — maybe it's time to make plans toward finding and keeping a lifetime partner.

Good luck!

Dear Pretty Lady:

You are the reason I buy Chastity magazine. I dig looking at your beautiful photographs and I read your column over and over. I would hope one day we could meet. Are you involved with anyone? A woman like you must have many men in her life. I would like a shot at being one of them.

If given a chance, you'll find I am a gentleman and a romantic at heart.

Donald K.
Memphis, TN

Dear Donald:

I am flattered that you consider me attractive. But you are wrong when you think I "have many men" in my life. I'm strictly one man at a time. When I was just a kid I dated around, a lot! More than I care to remember, as a matter of fact! But now that I'm an adult, I've found that sex isn't only where it's at. The man who beds me has to know me, and I have to know him. That is not something two people learn about each other in one date, or sometimes even in a dozen.

So, for the present I've got a man in my life — the only one I'm currently interested in. If that condition should ever change I promise that if you keep on reading this magazine, you will be one of the first to know!

Dear Leanna:

Have you done many videos or films? I've been trying to find some with you in them. Do you ever do live shows or dance across country? Please tell me more about you and what your plans are in the near future.

Thank you for your time.

Darrel D.
Honolulu, HA

Dear Darrel:

I've done no videos and don't do the dance circuit. At present I don't live in the United States, though I visit a lot both on business and for pleasure.

Dearest Leanna:

I recently attended a Swinger's Convention for the first time in my life. Wow! I had no idea there were so many sexual adventures going on with groups in a public place. I attended a bondage lecture and learned a lot about my current date. I'm thinking of taking her to the next one and wonder if she'll accept my invitation or turn off and dump me. What would you do if your date asked to take you? And, do you think it's a good idea to approach her with this or should I just put into use what I've learned and keep it under my hat?

Wayne L.
Seattle, WA

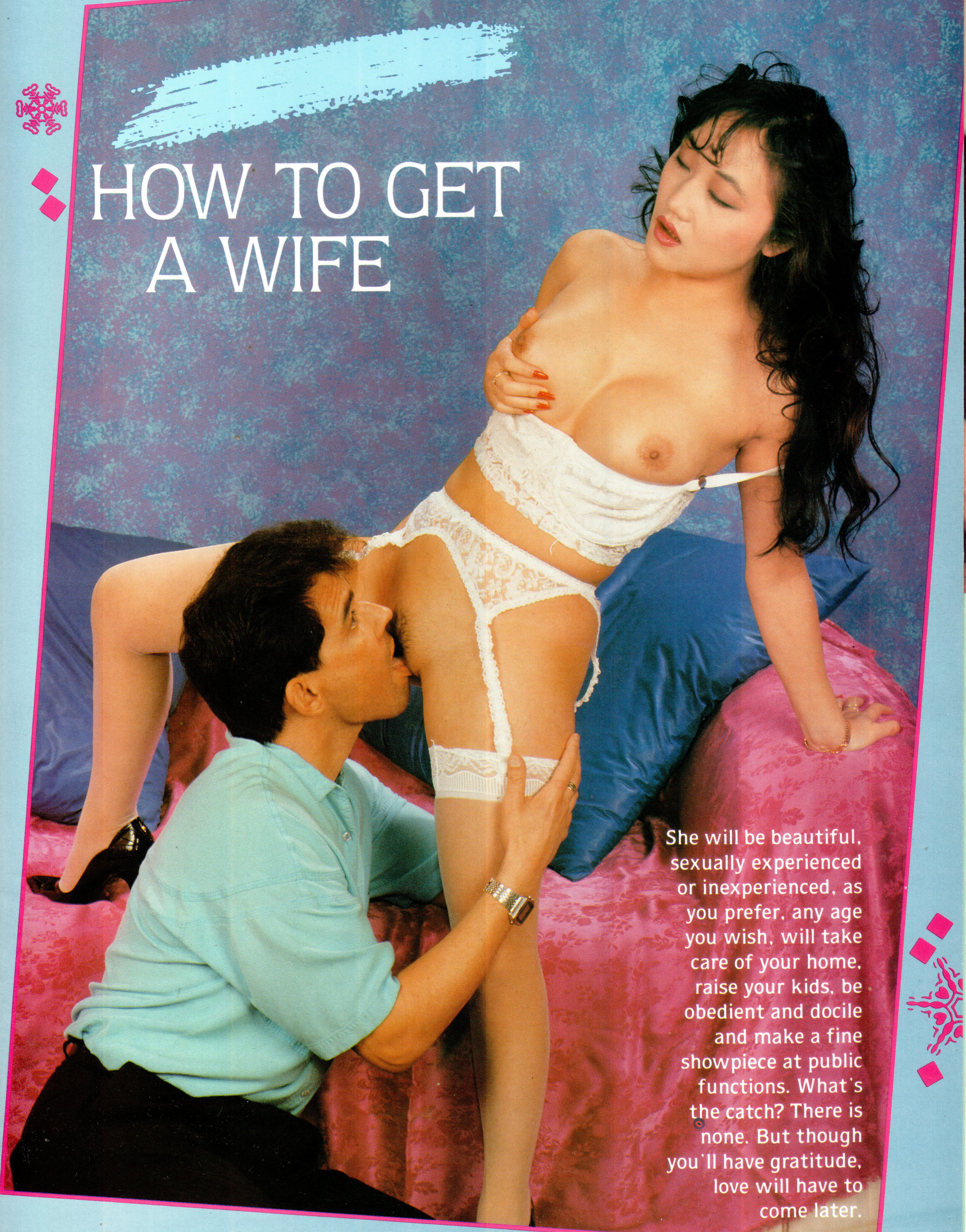
Dear Wayne:

It doesn't matter what I think, it's what your instincts tell you. Bondage is not something you spring on people full-blown. Try holding her arms over her head while you make love to her: see how she responds. Take it in little steps like that, and don't be afraid to discuss it openly. If, as you say, you learned a lot about her, why be hesitant to put it into use? If, on the other hand, what you really learned was how much it appealed to you, then practice where you'd like to preach.

As for inviting her to the next swingers convention you can attend: ask her. How else will you know? If you've got a brochure of events, show it to her and tell her which ones you attended and liked the most. Listen to what she tells you, and act.

That's it.

HOW TO GET A WIFE



She will be beautiful, sexually experienced or inexperienced, as you prefer, any age you wish, will take care of your home, raise your kids, be obedient and docile and make a fine showpiece at public functions. What's the catch? There is none. But though you'll have gratitude, love will have to come later.

The idea of marrying an oriental/asian girl has been gaining increasing popularity in the United States. It is much like the gold-rush days of the Old West, when frontier men desperate for all the things a woman could provide offered the respectability of marriage to women from back East who thought it more desirable to travel three thousand miles to tie the knot than to live life in Boston as a spinster. The men often chose their women from a catalog: stories abound that the first Montgomery-Ward catalogs contained a section of marital hopefuls. But often marriages were arranged by a go-between who knew both people.

Today, in states along the Pacific Rim — California, Oregon and Washington — it is not unusual for affluent members of churches and other respectable gathering places to act as marital matchmakers for Oriental-Asian women unable to enter the United States due to immigration laws and willing American men in search of a wife who don't mind struggling through a second language. Much like the days of old, matches between couples are arranged, letters are sent, and the Anglo-American man and the Oriental/Asian woman get to know each other through the intermediacy of an interpretor. The plan works surprisingly well.

Of course, unless it is the friend of a friend, the matchmaker usually receives a handsome amount for his or her efforts: anywhere from two to ten thousand dollars. But that can be seen as a bargain when you're talking about a woman of your own — who craves belonging to an American lord and master — and is usually guaranteed to match up to desired specifications, when you compare it to the cost of possible years of expensive dating with no future-performance promises given and maybe even no acceptable woman forthcoming. Many men feel the risk of disease while finding a woman makes the arranged marriage preferable.

If you are interested in an Oriental/Asian wife and live on the West Coast, you should have no trouble finding a meeting place — churches are ideal — where people of both races co-mingle. Talk to the people there. Once they know you a little, don't be afraid to tell them your interest in marriage. If you live somewhere else in the country you may want to leaf through some Japanese, Chinese or Thai-American newspapers — you may require someone to help you interpret what you're reading — until you find mention of arranged marriages. It is really that easy and takes the worry, risk and time out of looking on your own.

More Than ONE MAN'S OPINION

A Readers' Forum of experiences and opinions on the Singles Scene (or the Married Scene) they want to share with other readers. If you want to tell us your sexual problems or brag over your latest conquest, this is the column to do it in. Just write: MORE THAN ONE MAN'S OPINION, ℅CHASTITY MAGAZINE, 4111 LINCOLN BOULEVARD, DEPT. 325, MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA 90292. All letters considered of interest to our general readership will be published in the order received in the first available space.

NO TALKING, PLEASE!

I'm currently having difficulty in my three-year relationship with my live-in girlfriend. We used to have a good time together but now things have gotten more serious. It seems instead of fun and romance, we have what she thinks of as deep discussions and subsequent misunderstandings over the most insignificant matters. This isn't unusual I'm finding out. When I started talking about it with my buddies, they had the same complaint; women want to talk and start arguments. When I come home from work, I'm tired. I want to relax. I don't want to sit across from my mate and have a heart to heart talk which usually doesn't accomplish anything but a disagreement. What happened to the partner I dated and asked to move in with me? Why can't she be happy? She claims she's happy living with me but she always seems to create a problem which didn't even exist in my estimation. Is there some school for women that teaches them to be dissatisfied when things are going well or what?

—FRED R.

ARTISTIC LICENSE

I am an artist and have moved in with a woman older than myself. She is an executive for a computer company and makes a good salary. I think she's great looking and I like her level of experience. I learn from her and don't mind it. She says she learns from me. We don't know what the future holds for us but we've agreed to play it one day at a time. I haven't done very well in the art world as yet and have little money to share or spend. She gives me an allowance and pays the bills. I work in the house and cook — all the things the traditional housewife used to do. I appreciate the opportunity to work on my art and have such an understanding friend. I don't like the questions her friends ask me about what I've sold lately and do I have any gallery showings and my future plans. I feel I'm doing the best I can right now and she's now complaining. But those questions make me feel like a failure. Maybe I will fail and maybe I'll become famous or at the least, successful. I know I shouldn't let them get to me but I'm always left with feelings of guilt after their visits. I don't want to discuss this with her and start problems with her friends. I should be adult enough to take it on the chin but . . . When two people are happy together, their friends and family should let them be. Who's business is it and who's to say what's right in the long run?

—ALAN M.

NICE MANNERS

I want to make a statement about good old-fashioned manners. I just met and am dating a very delightful girl. We seem to hit it off pretty well. We naturally have been spending more time together and I've found something quite objectionable to her. She and I were washing my car last Sunday when a car pulled up filled with some acquaintances of mine; actually, there were prospective employers. My date made a joking remark which involved the word,"ass." Later I told her I was embarrassed by that and she couldn't understand why. I don't like women to swear or have a dirty mouth. I didn't grow up with it and I just don't like it. We broke up over this because she felt I was being critical of her and I guess I was. We've made up and she's going to try and curb her swearing and I'm going to try not to criticize. I doubt that I'm alone in my feelings on this. I like to think of my dates as "ladies," and ladies don't swear at the drop of a hat and when they do, it sounds pretty bad.

WHATTA CAR!

I just bought a new Saturn. It's a great car and the people at the Saturn dealership do a good follow up job. They call and write letters and invite me to to events for Saturn owners. I'm a satisfied customer and know there are alot of guys looking for a good, inexpensive car out there. Take it from an experienced new car buyer, the Saturn is a a steal! And the ladies love its looks!

—HERB R.

Attention all women: we like to have our dicks sucked by you. We don't mind giving you head but we want our dicks sucked too! When a woman is hesitant to suck my cock, I know right off she's trouble sexually. She's probably spoiled or sexually rigid. On the other hand, when a woman enjoys giving you head, you know you got some hot stuff and sex is only going to get better. So, women, please: learn to suck cock and do it happily and your guy will want to be with you and not some prostitute!

—MAX C.

UNCOMMON MAN

I'm sick and tired of people (men and women) asking me if I'm gay. I am not gay! I am 42 years old and live alone and always have. I like my own company and don't ask nobody for anything. Why do people think you have to be gay or weird just because you don't like sharing your bed. They act like it's a crime. I say fuck you. I like being by myself and if more people did the same thing, they'd be happier like me! I don't answer to nobody and never will!

—MANNY F.

NOT GONNA DO IT!

Just the other day some bitch pops up from out of nowhere and says I got her pregnant six months ago and now I have to pay. That's bullshit! First of all, I use condoms with the bitches I fuck. Second, I don't even remember this one and she says I was drunk. I ain't taking no rap for no bitch's baby. I ain't got nobody pregnant and I ain't nobody's father. Things are different now and they can tell if you knocked somebody up. It makes me mad that bitches can think they can just come tell you you're a daddy. That's bullshit and I ain't going for it.

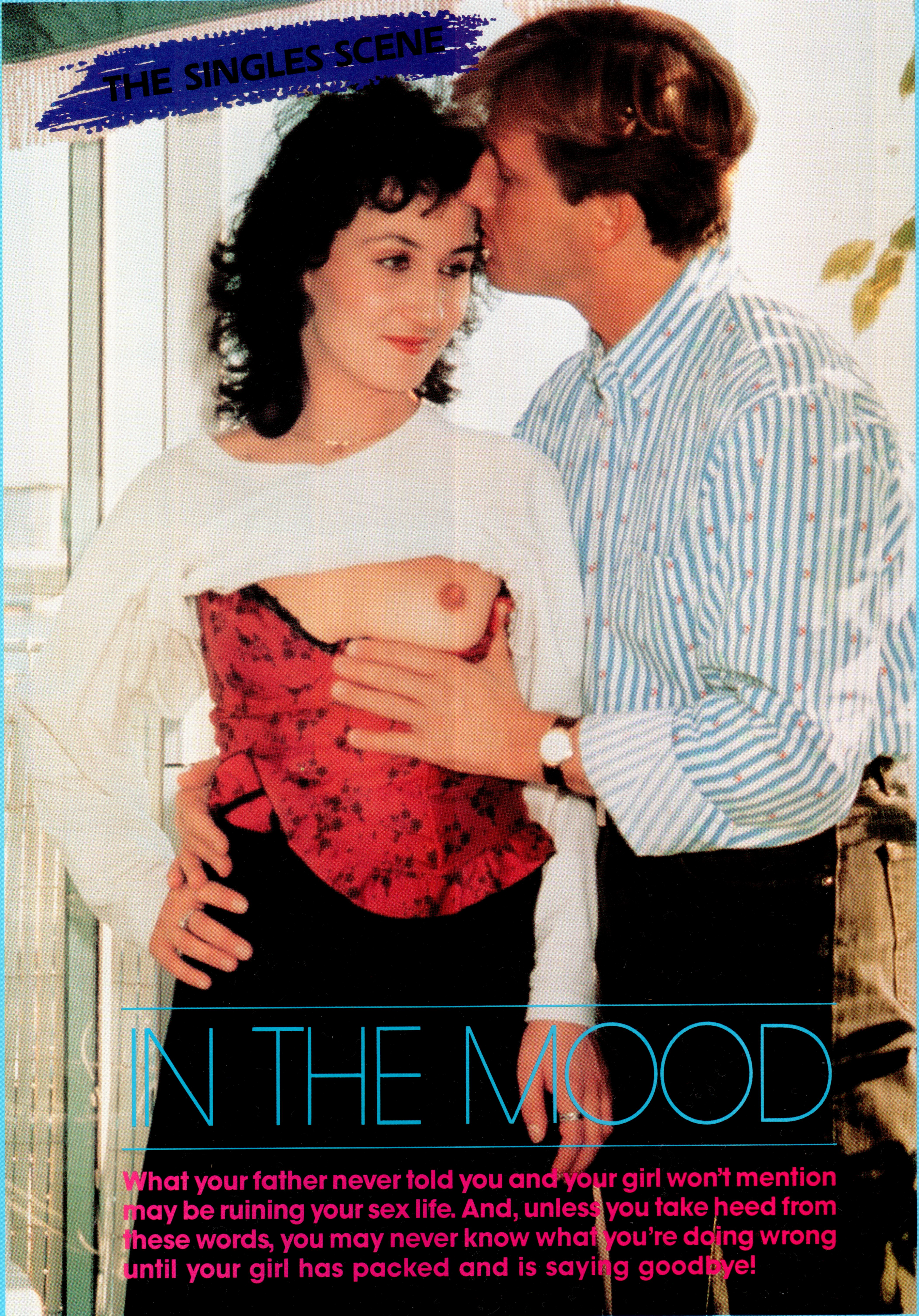
—AMOS K.

HIP READING

I wanted to let your readership know something great that has just happened to me. I have been considered the nerd in my office and even let people joke about it, trying to be good natured. Big mistake. It became a bigger and bigger joke until none of the women would ever go out with me. I'm not bad looking but I didn't realize what was wrong. I was given a subscription to Chastity a month ago or so. I began reading it, especially this column and Leanna's column. After reading a couple of letters from readers and their subsequent answers from you and Leanna, I took a good strong look at myself. I was wearing cheap clothing that didn't suit my body or what I thought I looked like. Inside I was a stud, outside, my appearance said I was un-cool. My general appearance needed to reworking. I bought other magazines like GQ and Playboy and started really payinga ttention. I got a costly hair cut and style, bought some new clothes with style and became a little quieter in the office. I started observing the women instead of trying to talk with them. My distance was noted and the women became girlish around me, giggling and flirting. They never did that to me before. I stared a little harder, said a little less and bingo — the finest women in the office agreed to go out with me. Three nights before our date I read four books, all on sex and how to please women. It worked! I found a whole new pleasure in getting off on getting her off, and she loved it! Suddenly I'm the office Romeo! I can't believe it and I can't tell them how it all came through magazines and the willingness to change and make my life more exciting. I'm telling you men because some of you might be like I have been, a nice guy that gets nowhere! Tomorrow I'm taking the fox out again — this time to her apartment where she'll fix dinner and all the trimmings. Try it, dudes, it works! Women love a women pleaser and in turn they'll please you!!

—**JESSE G.**

THE SINGLES SCENE



IN THE MOOD

What your father never told you and your girl won't mention may be ruining your sex life. And, unless you take heed from these words, you may never know what you're doing wrong until your girl has packed and is saying goodbye!

Artie Shaw's musical masterpiece, "In The Mood," set the pace in the late 30's and early 40's, for a lifestyle that really was kinder and gentler. Unlike today's hot musical beat, the music of our grandfathers was not only kinder and gentler, it was romantic. It's not an accident that when a knowledgeable stud turns on the stereo before settling back on the couch with his date he picks romantic ballads to listen to instead of M.C. Hammer or Ozzy Osborne. That music is great with a date at a hot concert, but it's really not conducive to those special times on the bed when it's more than just a quickie. And if you don't have occasional "special times" you are probably looking for romantic disaster in your relationship.

In case you haven't noticed, women are different from men, inside as well as out. They get turned on more slowly than men do and unless they've had their sex-drive sitting on the back burner just waiting for their man's return they're liable to need more than a, "Hi, honey, I'm home!" to get things perking. Even if she was the hottest thing in your crowd when you and your lady began together, she may now yearn for something a little slower, a little more romantic, to get her juices flowing. Remember: No matter what she tells you — and we're not talking about a hooker's blowjob in the back seat of your car — women equate sex with romance, and it may take some romance to get your lady out of first gear and up into overdrive.

Sure you're tired after a hard day's work, but there's always the weekend. This coming weekend why not take your girlfriend or live-in out for a nice Italian dinner (You do like Italian food, don't you?). Pave the way for a special evening by mentioning that you'd like to take her out on a date. . . "like the old days." Don't say more than that, but be attentive during the evening. Have candlelight, some wine with your food, and lots of good, honest conversation. Women also equate talking together with romance, even if you don't. Then go to a movie and be real attentive. Let it be her choice of movies: a love story for a change, instead of all those thrillers and action-adventures you favor. Love stories help set the mood.

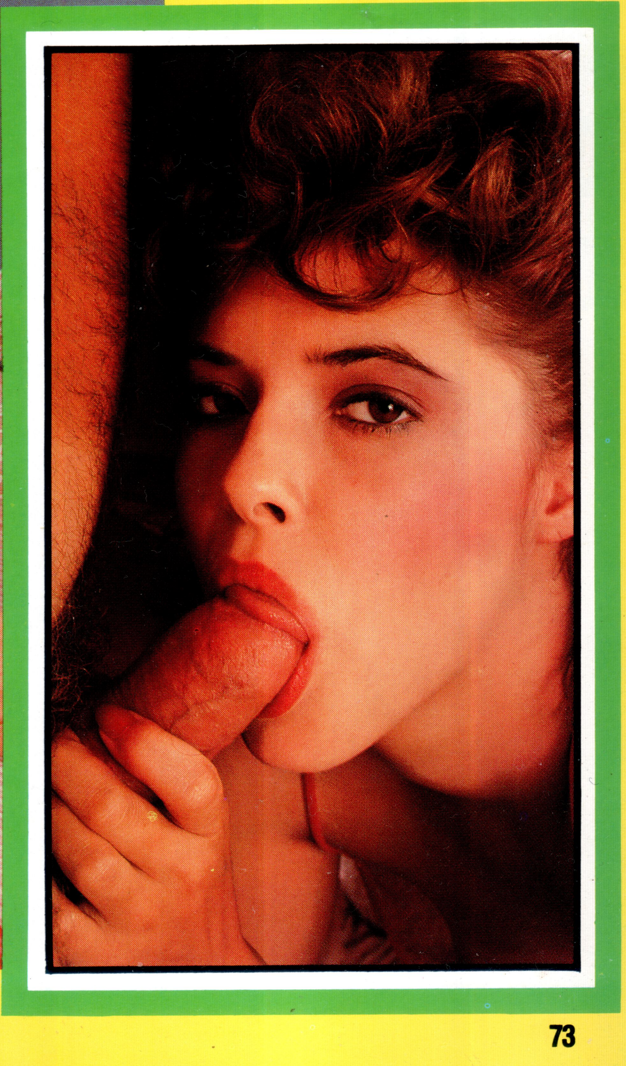
Don't stay out too late and get her tired and you crabby. Maybe take her for a cup of espresso — the sugar and caffeine should help perk you both up a bit — while you talk over what you saw on the screen. Then drive home with the f.m. playing some Sinatra or other soft stuff. You won't need to tell her what you've got in mind, and she'll be more than appreciative enough with her answer. Treat her like it's a first date from beginning to end: don't just take her role as your bed partner for granted. When you get home, more romantic music to keep both your moods on the subject at hand. Try something different and daring; maybe neck in the car before going inside. Try it, you'll like it. And she'll love you for it and prove it!

WHAT'S OUT THERE

TREAT YOURSELF TO A TWO-SOME!

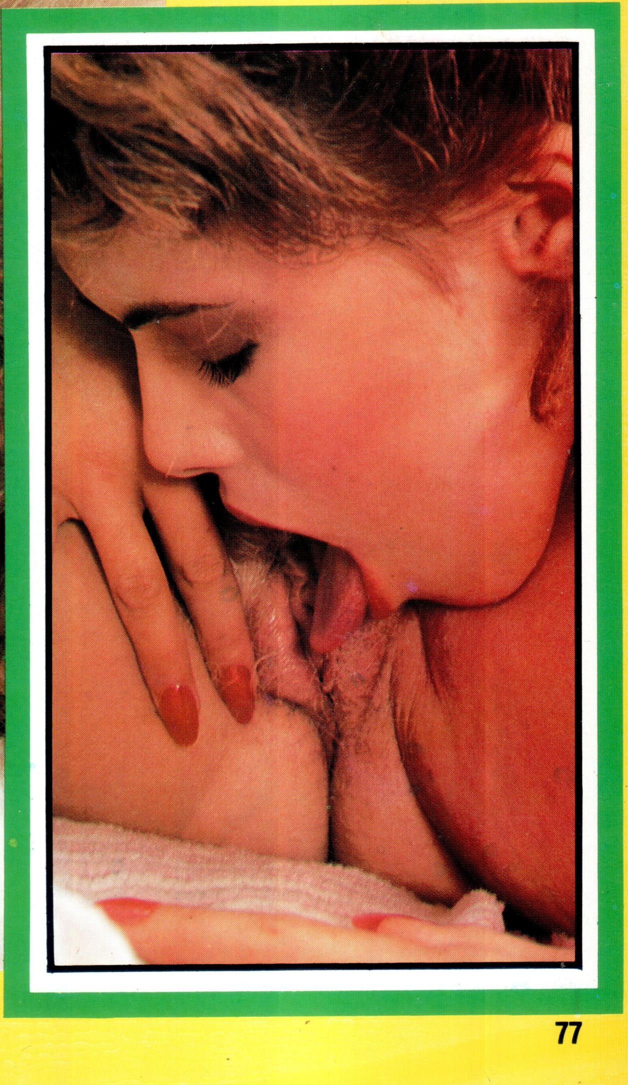
Every guy has a sexual fantasy. For many of us, the imagined sexual delight is ourself and two hot women. Though it's less safe, these days, than ever before for professional sex partners you might just want to consider the merits of paying for it.

You work hard, you play hard. Maybe what you need is to blow a wad on your all-time favorite sexual fantasy!



First, with two women you don't want relationship complications, so a pro is desirable. Second, you want professional service, not unending squabbles about who's going to do what. Third, if you're willing to pay enough, the worry of AIDS won't come into it.

Finding a couple of honest-to-God call girls is the problem. We suggest you approach every guy you know — especially if he scores big with women — and ask him for the number of someone he knows. . .along with an "okay" about who you are. Call girls are choosy.



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Hard to admit, but it has been a year since the last issue of *Chastity.* That back cover began with the line, "Nothing has essentially changed since our last issue. . ." Well, things *have* changed since *this* last issue!

We've had a war in the Persian Gulf, we've had another Conservative added to the bench of the Supreme Court (You'll understand what *that* means when they start telling you when you can and can't sleep with your girl!) and there's a movement on to get our government to recognize that AIDS is a public health problem of epidemic proportions, not a simple social problem. Hey, nice work,guys! Good to know you're keeping up with the times! And of course, it's harder than ever to make a dime.

That's why we've been so late in coming: we've been re-organizing our financial structure as well as our editorial policy, and things are beginning to look *g-o-o-d!* So good, in fact, that we've made one of your favorite do-it-yourself sex magazines *ALL COLOR and we've added more pages!* How's that for the same old price!

As for what's on the inside: We've searched far-and-wide (Oh, *sure!*) for sizzling new photo sets, added some commentary on where to find the kind of women you want (Yeah, we know: girls with low self esteem!), thrown in some sage advice on what to do when you get the girls (If you *knew* what to do, would you be reading this?) and rolled it all up (No, oaf! Not a roll in the *hay!* You'll have to arrange that on your own!) with a good, dirty story, some words from a (foxy) wise woman on what ails your style, and some comments and opinions from our readers and your editor (that have been on hold since our last issue, last year). And all for the price of a new pony! ("Edward! What are you doing out in the stable! Get in here this instant!" "*Coming*, mother!") Enjoy all of it •